For the past week Dr. Foster has been lit-

enough to admit a patient at a time to his

office the horse editor provided a little coupe

and we filled it from floor to seat and from

seat to top with a medley of baby clothes and

distribute them with the whole east side, from

slips and a dozen fine white meripo shirts-

rubber rattles in the card receivers, squeezed

the shopping bags with lemons and loaf

sugar, and away I went, bumpity-bump, over

the cobble-stones of Fifth avenue, the car

the wretched smile. Over the soft linen tow

them, and the hilarity produced by a cake of

white soap, a handful of loaf sugar and a

trio of lemons made one little kitchen as

It may interest the gentlemen who sent the

eastile soap to know that there are to-day at

east a hundred people nearer godliness than

there were vesterday, and that no mother

ing about baby's bath. I found no difficulty

in finding a loophole. Sapolio was one of

the toilet scaps common among thrifty

mothers; coarse, brown soap, such as manu-

facturers make of the refuse of vats for

scouring sinks and kitchen floors, was very

general, and following the doctor's advice

to use a little salt, a lady from Cork had

"rubbed down" a child of nine weeks with

pickling salt every day since, till the tender

skin was cut up like a Trow City Directory

Eleventh s reets I visited the families in rear

tenements, and it seemed that every room

had a baby, and that every baby was sick.

Previous visits from THE EVENING WORLD'S

physicians insured me a welcome, and every

" He came three times in one day to see the

"Only for the doctor he would now be in

only a few of the common remarks passed on

the various members of The Evening

In a garret I find a young mother and her

babe. The child is ill, so very ill that she

has fears of his recovery. For three weeks

the little one has been suffering from inflam-

mation of the bowels. Yes, she has a doctor,

THE EVENING WORLD sent him. I wonder

offered him 75 cents. It was all I had in the

world, but he refused it. I told him how

very poor I was and he said he would mark

the prescription so that I would not have to

made the little one sleep, but he is so thin

"No, I can't tell how he became sick. The

but she does not know his name.

" He cured me, too, God bless nim !

and disinterested kindness.

merry as a minatrel show.

teenth wards

map.

child:"

Potter's Field ;"

WORLD'S COTOS.

street and Rachel lane for a territory.

could print in an entire edition.

TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 23.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class

WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE-1267 BROADWAY. be-twose list and 32d sts., New YORE. BROOKLYN-359 FULTOR ST. HARLEM-News Department, 150 East 125TH ST., Advertisements a 237 East 115TH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA. LEDGER BUILDING, 112 BOUTH GIRST. INGTON-610 14TH ST.

LONDON OFFICE-32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR

POUR CHILDREN'S NOBLE WORK.

Four sweet little maids of Arverne! A wise man has said that "that sympathy which expends itself in a sigh is worse than

These four little maids down by the sea, for whom each day is a round of joy and happiness, were touched by the story of those other little girls and boys whose little lives were but successive rounds of want and misery, the children of the tenement-house districts who sweltered and stifled in thrice beated and unventilated rookeries.

Without waste of time in sighs and tears these four little women organized, equipped, Send in Your Lists at Once for established and managed a bazaar in a halffinished house by the sea, drawing, like veteran Charity ball managers, upon their friends for stock and again upon their friends for custom. Everybody responded to their call. Everybody visited the fair.

Man likes to be wheedled out of that which his conscience tells him he should give to charity, and these little maids of Arverne, in a space of ten hours, had beguited no less than \$845 from the pockets of their grown-up friends.

They sent that \$345 to THE EVENING WORLD for the Sick Baby Fund, the banner contri-

There are other little maids in other places who are equally sympathetic. Let them follow the example of the noble little maids of Arverne, and see what they can do.

A HUSBAND'S RIGHTS.

Judge O'BRIEN has handed down an opinion which contains food for thought for irate wives, and which allows husbands some latitude in seeking lodgings when barred from their own homes. ELISE EISLER would not allow her inebriated spouse to enter his home when he sought admission at a late hour, and he found a refuge in a place not above suspicion. She then sued for divorce. Judge O'BRIEN says that, inasmuch as the wife drove Eisles from his rightful domicile. she was in a measure responsible for his miscondact.

This decision is replete with wisdom. Even a fellow who has become overloaded with lager does not forfeit his right to sleep in his own house. Where else should he stow himself away? It was very wrong for EISLER to go home drunk, but according to the marriage contract, his offended wife was in duty bound to cleave to him "for better or for worse."

THEY PREFER CLAMS.

Senator WILLIAM M. STEWART, of Nevada, is one of the prosiest of speakers. It is said that when he rises to address the Senate, there is generally a sudden exodus of his fellow Senators to the restaurant, as irrigation is thereby rendered necessary. But, STEWART is not discomfitted by such conduct, his volubility being unrestrainable.

The Constitutional Convention of Washington Territory having been requested by the Senstor to allow him to address the body on irrigation and silver, has granted the prayer try for the Presidency of the United States, of the petitioner. The Constitution-makers and every girl may aspire to be mistress of have also accepted an invitation to attend a clambake at the same hour fixed for Senator STEWART's speech. In the race for their favor STEWART will be badly beaten by the clambake. Those wise men of Washington. like the rest of humanity, care only for clams that they can eat.

CHICAGO'S AMBITSON.

Chicago wants the World's Fair in 1892. That is certainly an honorable ambition. Of course, she will not gain the coveted honor, but it is not discreditable for her citizens to show an appreciation of the importance of the event and a desire to reap the benefits to accrue therefrom.

Mowever, in putting forth the claims of their city the citizens of Chicago will do well to remember that modesty is not yet without its charm, and that the truth is still "mighty and will prevait." When that city is described as the one "most truly typical of American life, American ideas and American enterprise" the joke is being carried too far. It is bombast run wild.

By common consent New York is the one place for the Fair. In its advantages for carrying on such a magnificent enterprise New York is incomparable.

WORLDLINGS.

George S. Boutwell, Grant's Secretary of the Treasury, is living in Washington. He is a lawyer and practises before the Court of Claims. ionally he writes a magazine article Henry Sturdivant, a negro farmer near Rome,

the the bis the Suc to c

Ga., wears a number twenty shoe. He is supposed to have a larger foot than any man in the Prof. E. M. Shelton, of Kansas, who is going

over to Australia to be the chief instructor of the Department of Agriculture in Queensland. will receive a salary of \$7,500 a year, with a house free of rent. In this respect he will be bester situated than a United States Cabinet officer.

One of Andrew Jackson's old hats is preserved at the Hermitage, where it is an object of great interest to visitors. Nearly every visitor tries it on, but not one man in ten has a head large enough to fit it.

LIFE SAVERS. S100 PRIZE

What Mother Has

Greatest Number of

Living Children?

"The Evening World's"

Latest Contest.

It has been wisely said that the mother

guides the home ship and holds the future

This is a Republic and the majority rules

That mother who has reared the greatest

number of children, therefore, has had the

greater share in moulding the destiny of our

THE EVENING WORLD Wants to know her.

THE EVENING WORLD has offered many

prizes for competition of brains and ingenu-

ity, and nearly every one has been won by a

Now, it offers a series of prizes to which its

Three prizes are offered to the mothers of

the greatest number of children, and THE

EVENING WORLD hereby binds itself to award

One Hundred Dollar Gold Certificate

to the mother having the greatest number of

A Fifty-Dollar Silver Certificate to the

mother of the second largest family of living

A Twenty-Dollar Gold Piece as a conso

The competition is to be covered by the

Every mother entering her offspring must live

n the metropolis consisting of New York Brook.

The mother must send to the editor of THE

ir nationality: the full name of each child, the

like the minister or priest, the family physician

"These are my jewels," replied the proud

How many precious gems have you, dear

Every American-born boy has a chance to

Every boy is a free-born sovereign here,

and every girl a queen. How many American

sovereigns and princesses have you pro-

Send in your lists, for should there be two

families larger than all others, and themselves

of equal number, that mother whose list

preixes at The Evening Worth office first

will get the slip of paper that may be ex-

changed at any bank for twenty \$5 gold

Remember, what we want is the largest

number of children born to one mother and

saved for the struggle with the world. No

matter how old they are nor how young.

Count them all from the sucking babe to the

big brawny, broad-shouldered man who is

A Hen-Pecked Man.

Mrs. Manly (to visitor)-It is an outrage the

way people talk. Everybody says that I bull-

doze my husband so that he is afraid to say

that his soul is his own. It's an infamous

lie. Just ask my husband himself. Charles,

time right now, my dear.

"Are you coming, Charles, or are you not?"

I am coming, Matilda, as fast as I can.

Queer Mrs. Brown.

Mr. Gesso (at window)—Hello! here come

Mr. and Mrs. Goby. They're coming here,

Mrs. Gesso—They are! What an idea, to call at this time of the day! Why, I—

Mr. Gesso—They've gone by.

Mrs. Gesso—They have? Well, that's very strange. I should think Mrs. Goby might be friendly enough to call when she's passing right by the door.

Found a Diamond Ring.

I have in my possession a diamond ring

found on Sunday, July 21. I have not money

enough to insert an advertisement in your

MONELL'S TEXTHING CORDIAL in teething soothes the gums and calms the nerves. 25 cents "."

T. E. WILLIAMS, Station D.

the Editor of The Evening World:

paper, cheap as it is,

father to your grandchildren.

EVENING WORLD her own full name and nation-

CONDITIONS :

destinies of the nation in her hand.

manly readers cannot aspire.

and pay these prizes :

largest brood of children.

lyn, Jersey City and Hoboken,

Only living children will be counted.

iale of its birth and present residence,

knows or believes the statement to be true.

they were rich gems to her.

the White House.

duced, madam?

I вирроле.

These prizes are to the mothers.

tiving children.

children.

following

country.

The Free Doctors On Their Charitable Errand Among the Poor.

Their Footsteps. Nell Nelson Makes a Tour With

Coupe Full of Clothing.

Blessings and Praise Follow in

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

"The Evening World" Will Pre- sent Her with a \$100	THE EVENING WORLD. \$100.00 Already acknowledged 2,325.16 Lawyer's Ripley's collection 70.00 Emma Davis 3.70 Mitton Sears 13.50 H 10.00 Fannie and Matilda 1.00 Fannie Rottis Lawyerd resources 1.00
Gold Certificate.	Ten months old
A \$50 Silver Certificate for the Second Proudest Mother.	Sarge Office Inspectors
And a Golden Double Eagle a Consola- tion Prize to the Third.	Little Fraserie 1,00 T. W. W. and H. C. L. 1,00 Owen family 3,00 Ten per cent 10,00 Ten per cent 20,00 Ten per cent 25,00 H. W. Fischer 25 Maud Granger 10,00
Send in Your Lists at Once for	E. M. B. 1.0 J. Gillipikensen

The Lawrers' List.

The legal profession has become interested in THE EVENING WORLD's efforts to provide doctors for destitute children.

Just a week ago THE EVENING WORLD TO ceived from a lawyer in this city the first contribution of that profession for the Free Doctor Fund, inclosed in a letter published

Doctor Fund, inclosed in a letter published at the time as follows:

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Inclosed is check for \$25 for the Free Doctor Fund. It is a noble charity and one we are glad to encourage. Many in our profession, I am sure, would be glad to contribute. I suggest that you make a special list for members of the Bar in this city. I believe \$2,500 could be easily raised. In our building \$100 could be raised in an hour, were some one to call and take the names and subscriptions.

Potter Building, New York City, July 15.
Since then the members of the profession

Since then the members of the profession have sent in to The Evening World subscriptions, including the first previously scknowledged, as follows:

SPECIAL LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE BAR. New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken who have given birth to and reared

In Memory of a Lost Boy. the Editor of The Evening World: Please find inclosed 50 cents in stamps for the Sick Babies' Fund. We had a dear little boy whom we lost. Although not in want we sympathize with those who are.

TWA SCOTCH LADS. Taken from His Savings Bank.

to the Edstor of The Evening World Please find inclosed \$1 from little Fraser, lation prize to the proud mother of the third taken out of his bank to help the sick babies. LITTLE FRASERIE.

What Opens the Heart and Purse.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Inclosed please find \$1 for the Sick Babies' Fund. You are doing a good work and should have the hearty support of those who are able to give. The reason this class does not respond more promptly is because the facts do not come home to them as they do to the medium or poorer classes. I am ality; her name before marriage; her age; the sure that even a casual perusal of the articles date and place of her marriage; the name and published in THE WORLD would cause them age of the father or fathers of her children and to open their heart and purse at the same

Two Half Orphans' Contribution. Accompanying this statement the mother should

To the Editor of The Evening World: Inclosed find one dollar towards the Sick send a brief note from some well-known person, Babies Fund, from two little orphans, baif or the Alderman of the ward, stating that he sisters, and we hope that all the children that have their papas living will try to send a much larger sum for the good cause. Hop-Roman mother to her Oriental guest, and ing your great and noble work will bring blessings to the babies, we remain

FANNIE AND MATILDA.

Little Emma's Collection. to the Editor of The Evening World

Inclosed please find \$3.70, the sum I have collected among my friends. From the folowing : Uncle Mason, 10c. ; Cousin Alphis, 15c. ; Baby Willie. 25c.; Nellie and Charley, 10c.; Irene and Stella, 10c.; Gertrude L., 10c.: Florence C., 10c.: Frank Young, 10c. Gertrude S., 10c.; Libbie Reynolds, 15c.; Annie M., 15c.; Jennie G., 15c.; Cash, 10c.; Katie L., 10c.; Georgie J., 10c.; Rosa J., 25c.; Willie B., 10c.; Sophie De B., 25c.; Mrs. S., 10c.; Miss Feeney, 10c.; Mrs. M. Mc, 25c.; Mrs. A., 15c.; Charles Reed, 10c.; Mr. S., 25c.; R. E. A. Sullivan, 10c.; Mrs. Muller, 10c.; Mrs. M., 10c. Total, \$8,80. EMMA DAVIS, twelve years old.

Dranned the Rest at the Ruces. To the Editor of The Evening World: Inclosed please find 25 cents, which I find

left in my pocket after my return from the races. I had \$300 when I went to the races. I intended to send \$5 on my return. As the above was what was left I send it. JOHN GILLIPIKINSEN.

Raised at a Children's Fair. the Editor of The Evening World :

Inclosed please find \$13.50, the proceeds of a children's fair, held at No. 1610 Tenth aveny dear, come here: Charles (in the next room)—I haven't got nue, Saturday afternoon, July 19, to be added to the Sick Babies' Fund.

MILTON SEARS, For Misses Lizzie Scowcraft | Committee, and Jennie Clark.

Wishes It Were More. Inclosed please find 25 cents, wishing it were more. Hoping that the rest of the boys will chip in to help THE EVENING WORLD in its great scheme in saving the poor babies

from this terrible Summer, and wishing you H. W. FISCHER. success. DISTRIBUTING CLOTHING. Nell Nelson Brings Joy to Many a Poor

Mother's Heart.

Yesterday I had a coupe so full of baby fans that I could hardly get into the vehicleand I'm not a stout woman either. The hauling these last thirty years." And so it was a queer load, but it drew

doctor thinks it was the nursing. When I feel better he will be weil."

they tell me he cannot live.

"What! give all these to me? All? How very kind you are. Did the doctor tell you I had no flannel for my baby? Then how did you know? Oh, you are good at guess. ing. And they are so pretty! Poor child he never had a white dress before. And the socks, dear little things! Oh! and flannel shirts. Two! The doctor said he must have them to get well and he will get well now!" "What keeps me?

"Oh! very little. My husband works in the tobacco factory. He gets \$11 a week in the busy season, but now it is dull and often there is no work. , I make tidies for a shop in Fourteenth street. How much? Sixty cents a dozen and it takes me a day to make one Last month I made \$1,10. No, not much, but it helps to pay the rent."

"Church? No. I never go to church. never go any place unless it is for a ride to Blackwell. I went in a church in Twelfth street the other day out of the sun. The side door was open and I looked in. It seemed cool and quiet, and I went in and sat in the back pew with my baby, but the sexton came down the aisle and told me I must go because there was no services, and the church was no place for me on week days.

"When we lived in Forty-third street. I ofter went to St. Bartholomew's Church. 'The doors were always open and the sexton looked the other way when he passed. Wasn't that good of him?

"I was sorry to move on account of leaving the church, but the basement was damp and I was down with the rheumatism. Of course, I didn't go to church on Sunday. Only on week days when the baby was good and slept all the time.

"I wish I could have slept in the pew. It was so much nicer than the basement. "John and I had trouble one night about

the savings. He accused me of spending them. That day I took the child and intended to stay away. First, I was going to Philadelphia, where I used to live, but I clothes, castile soap, nursing-bottles and didn't have enough money and then I made up my mind to see the minister and ask him to let. me sleep in the church for a while. driver said, as he squeezed the door shut: I went to the door and rang the bell and the Queerest load I eyer carried and I've been man who opened it told me the minister was too busy to see anybody. He said the Ladies' Relief Society met next day and to

like a circus parade. Drew tears, too, and more blessings for the contributors to the that we moved here and I haven't been in a Babies' Free Fund than THE EVENING WORLD church since."

I left her a complete outfit for the child, gave her soap and a fan and a couple of erally wading through little socks, bibs and towels, and when I was going out she cried tuckers, getting his feet caught in the draw- and said: "Tell THE EVINING WORLD for strings of muslin slips and cambric night. me that I am more thankful than I can tell gowns, and to give him space and room in words."

In the flat next door I interrupt a baby's bath. There is no water on the floor and the hydrant is in the yard three flights down. Some suds have been saved, and the child is nursery miscellanies, and I started out to sitting in the wash-boiler. He's a tiny, bareboned, sore-headed, wild-eved child of two Fourteenth street and First avenue to Goerck | years, who does not look as though he ever had enough to eat, and his sad little face is scalded from crying.

Aside from the common stock of supplies Mrs. Benj. Humphrey Enos, of 135 West The poor fellow has the Summer complaint, Ninety-fourth street, gave me a baby basket and his cry is a plaintive little wail as pitiful containing twenty-four brand-new infants' as it is weak. I give him a cake of soap to play with, but poor Jim is not in a playing the funniest little things imaginable, with humor. I slip another into the water, but that, too, is ignored, and then I try a lump sleeves no longer than a dude's mustache: from "Canterbury Belle" I received a box of sugar. He gets a taste of the sweet loaf, of twenty new swaddling blankets and ten smiles at me, lets it slip in the soapy water. baby washrags, hand-knit and as soft as dives after it with his thin little hand, and powder puffs, and Mr. Eugene Dunbar gave without the slightest regard for the difference me two dozen small linen towels, lined the in taste proceeds to eat it, soap bubbles and little carriage with Japanese tans, stuck all.

Another lump is offered, but he keeps the moon faced dolls into the cigar cases, filled first and devours both rapaciously. It is well for mi-fortune that Nature, in her blindness, blunts the sensibilities and dulls the nice edge of taste.

Jim is scrul bed white with one of "Can-

tracks of Broadway and through the fifth terbury Belle's" wash-rags, and we dress and smells and garbage that abound in the Seventeenth, Eleventh, Tenth and Thirhim up in more splendor than he has ever dreamed of. An elder sister of seven years, I never knew before the sweetness of givwho is trying to boil a cup of milk over a ing, nor how slight a thing it takes to make smoking oil lamp comes and helps me fit him with shoes. looking into my bug so wist. els poor mothers with young babes rejoiced fully for something not there that I cannot as you have often seen a bride with her weddisappoint her altogether, so I give her half ding veil or pearl ornaments; toddlers a dozen lemons, a heaping handful of loaf screamed with delight when put in possession sugar and a new dime. of a rattle or lit le dresses with pockets in

It isn't much, but my heart goes with it and she seems pleased. News of my wealth has spread, and when I get to the ground floor I find the damp court crowded with women and children. The question now is not if there are any sick babies, but any well ones. Am I an Evening World doctor? a dozen women inquire.

Alas, no. Then what do I want?

accepted the white, wholesome-smelling cake "To find a needy child for some baby without an expression of pleasure. I did not clothes." dare proffer so suggestive an article, but ask.

A chorus of voices implore my favor, and nake a counter of an inverted washtub: the mothers squat about on the wet stones and for three-quarters of an hour I dole out small clothes. Three trips I make to the coupe for fresh supplies, and there the women sit strip the little ones, dress them in the clean fresh garments and smile admiringly at the change.

says, holding the newly robed infant at arms length; "isn't that a good-looking child for you?"

"It's the first real dress he ever had on I made this rag from a pillow-case."

I use the slips and shirts Mrs. Enos gave me, partly to prevent jealousy, as they are all alike, and partly to avoid explanations, place they were praised for their good work for the dresses are mine to do as I please with and I indulge the whim of induscriminate distribution; for whatever the actual condition of the mothers, every child I favor is dirty, hot, sick and neglected, good and sufficient reasons, every one, in my mind, for what may seem like produgal charity. "Look at the box of food he left me," are

I hand soap round right and left, and in exchange for thirteen tube nursing bottles, I distribute those sent by the Goodyear Rubber Company. I don't want to carry away the confiscated bottles, so I smash them to pieces on the stones and find myself uncomfortably conspicuous.

janitor suddenly appears and ready to summon the police before he knows what for : countless heads are thrust out of opposite and adjacent windows; dirty-faced, how they knew my baby was sick. Do you | half-naked, merry-eyed children swarm in know? And he was so good to me, so very. the court like so many flies, and I take the very good. He would not take pay. I shortest cut for the street and tell the driver to hurry out of the block,

In Suffolk street I get on the track of Dr. Freeman and follow him without being able

pay for the medicine. Here it is. It has I renew acquaintance with the poor widow who washes clothes for two cents apiece, give her a lawn dress, and a sack and clothes for her little vellow-haired son. There is a short dress and a new nightgown for the tow-head with cataract of the eye; slips and socks for tiny Phil and dresses for brothers Joe and Abe; a barrie coat and some bellybands for a babe no bigger than a five-cent loaf of bread, and sbap and towels, a fan and a swaddling blanket for a wee, sick child, lying on a nillow in the window-sill.

In Hester street I go up and down nine pairs of stairs without finding a sick baby. Many of the rooms are occupied by Russians, Scandmavians or Poles making flannel shirts. They work like serfs, men and young girls, sometimes nineteen in a room.

And do you know how much they are paid?

The gris \$3 a week and many of the men \$5 for eleven hours' work. For lunch they have a tin of small beer or pop, some sort of a cake made of cottage cheese rolled in dough, black bread and a slice of sausage, so well seasoned with garlic as to be almost audible in strength.

The hands board with the boss, who has two or three rooms, and it is an actual fact that in a suit of this sort a family of six and ten boarders will be accommodated.

"Are there no sick children in the house?" I asked a young girl. "No." she says.

"No children?" "Well, there's one woman on the top

to see her.

floor with a baby, 'cause I've seen her sitting

on the roof, but she's bad and nobody goes

The very case for an Evening World physician. I find her flat empty. There is nothing about the place with the reflection of home in it. An oil-stove, a broken bureau, the top of which is table and closet; a chair, some kitchen tins and the photograph of a crafty, cruel-looking man, possibly twentytwo years of age.

"Whose there?" a sharp voice calls from the top of the ladder overhead. " I. How is your baby to-day ?" None of your busidess. Go away."

"Now, little woman, don't be unreasona

ble. THE EVENING WORLD would like to send a doctor if your child is not well, and if you care to talk to me I may help you a little." "A little won't help me," she says sadly. fanning something at arm's length.

" How much will help?" "More than you can give. You'd better

come and see them, but I didn't, and after not mind me. They told you down in the hall I was no good.'

"Wouldn't you like a glass of lemonade I have a few lemons here you are welcome to and a little sugar. Will I take them up?" "'No, I'll come down." Poor girl. she is

weak and emaciated and a long time climb ing down the steep ladder, for she has in one arm a child of fifteen months that looks as though it could not live another hour.

Her story is the old one, but so very sad hat you could not have heard it unmoved.

At the age of three her mother died and at ten she began life in a watch factory, receiving \$1 a week for washing cases. She worked as a cash girl; she mad artificial flowers until sickened by the poisonous vapors; she washed dishes in a re taurant, and there she met the first being who ever loved her. Baby was born in the hospital, and after

that she went to the Sisters, where for a year she cared for her own child and a foundling She wanted to be free, and left the only roof she had on earth. Friends as poor as hersel helped her to get the flat, and here she was, She could not tell how she lived. Some one sent \$10 every month in a letter. No name—not a pen-stroke—merely the bill. It left \$6 for food, clothing and fire, and kept

she sold button hole bouquets in front of the Academy, but now her child was too sick to man :

her and her baby from the river. Sometimes

she looks at me when I am leaving and says, 'God bless and keep you," makes the sunlight seem very dun.

'No: praise be to God we have no sick babies. My little one died in the Winter." She is sewing on vests in a small front room that is clean and tidy, but pitiable in its

scantiness. In one corner, her elbows resting on a chair from which the cane-bottom has fallen, kneels a little girl of eight praying. Praying for a parasol! Was there ever anything like the trusting

confidence of childhood? "No, I'm not sick," she tells me. "My eyes are sore and the dispensary doctor told me to stay out in the cool air and keep a parasol over my head. Mother sent her parasol to the pawnshop, cause the man had to have the rent, but she said that God would send me another if I asked him. I've been asking him every day for ever so long, but he doesn't seem to give me one. Perhaps he basn't got any more left."

The mother stops her work and listens to

her child in tears.

Laura's eyes are being cared for and, thanks to Mr. Dunbar, her prayers have been an-

swered.
Along Clinton street I have nothing to give

Along Clinton street I have nothing to give but soap and nursing bottles. The latter useful articles attracted the attention of a loitering officer, who, satisfied of their vacancy, takes no definite action.

In one home, poverty, wretchedness, hunger, sickness and death meet.

"The Evenino World is very good," the mother says. "Dr. Freeman came to me yesterday and prescribed for the baby. It had cholers infantum, he said, and was in a dangerous condition. He gave me money to buy milk and left a prescription, but before the medicine came willie died. I did not want him buried by the city. My husband has no work. He is a carriage varnisher. has no work. He is a carriage varnisher. He went back to the shop and the men loaned him money enough to bury the child decently. We have three others; none are

decently. We have three others; none are well, and we are all hungry.

"Oh, I would thank you so much for any clothing. But will you think me foolish if I ask you not to tell? And don't put it in the

paper, will you?"

I promise to day a bundle of garments will be sent to her, and some money to pay for be sent to her, and some money to pay for the little shroud and coffin. NELL NELSON.

The Death Rate.

The total number of deaths in this city during the past twenty-four hours was 120. Of this number, seventy were children under five years. The causes are as follows:

 Cholera infantum
 4

 Marasmus
 4

 Pneumonia
 3

 Measies
 1

 Scarlet fever
 2

 Other diseases
 12
 ONLY AS A CHILD.

BY THE EVENING WORLD POET. I stood by a child, a little child, A child with curls of gold, And eyes that held in their limpid depths A sweetness all untold.

The guileless lips of the baby fair Could utter naught but a heped prayer, As it knot at night in its robe of white At the knee of its mother there. Serene, unquestioning faith in him

Who notes the sparrow's fall Looked out from the upturned eyes of blue To him, and that was all. And the kneeling innocent knew no need Of learned theological creed. Its feet that day trod the King's highway, That straight to his throne doth lead.

I stood by a man, a learned man, A man with snowy hair, With searching eyes and thoughtful brow, And features marked by care. The philosopher stood on the velvet sod, And labyrinthian ways he trod In learned speech, but ever each Led him away from God.

He talked of primal force, and of The doctrine of Evolution, The laws of Nature, of impact, and Of final restitution. But the learned sage could not, also Make a single blade of living grass; Through the lowly door of Truth no more Could he in his wisdom pass.

I stood by the gate, the pearly gate, The gate of eternal joy. Where science falls like an eagle slain. Which time cannot destroy.

And I saw the little one pure and fair Draw near the gate, no doubt was there. At the touch of its helpless little hand The shining gate of the beautiful land Swung wide and it entered in. And I saw the sage bowed down with years

And wisdom's heavy load, Draw near with a cautious, halting tread, His doubts too plainly showed. And I saw him hurl the heavy weight Of years and wisdom against the gate. And it opened not, but beat him back As a rock the tempest's fume and wrack. While o'er it flashed this sentence clear, "As a child alone ye can enter here." WILLIAM EDWARD PRINCE.

BETROTHED TO A PRINCE

THE ENGAGEMENT OF MISS CALDWELL TO PRINCE MURAT.

An American Girl Who Will Wed in the Highest Rank of Continental Society-A Love-Match in Every Respect - The Lady's Family Are Pleased-What the Couple's Income Will Be.

The announcement in THE EVENING WORLD two weeks ago of the engagement of Miss Mary G. Caldwell, the Scuthern heiress, of whom Eugene Kelly and C. M. Fry, of this city, are guardians, to Prince Murat is now

Miss Caldwell and her sister share an income of something like \$170,000 a year, and it is gratifying to state that Prince Murat has

it is gratifying to state that Prince Murat has deviated from the European custom and has not hinted at a marriage settlement of any share or part of this income on himself.

And the Prince is given a splendid character by Mrs. M. L. Donnelly, the aunt of the beautiful Southron, who is related by marriage to the D'Aramon family, of Paris.

Mr. Kelly declares that he can rely implicitly upon the judgment of Mrs. Donnelly and says that not the slightest obstacle will be placed in the way of the union by him.

These letters to Mr. Kelly are published in the Times, by the permission of that gentla. the Times, by the permission of that gentle

Academy, but now her child was too sick to leave.

"I don't think it can live; it has never been half fed, but it is the whole world to me and I shall stay by it. We will live or starve, or die together."

"No, don't send any doctor. I often go out on the St. John's boat and there is always some one to look after wretched beings like us. We will get on in some way and if a change does come it will be good, for it can't be any worse and be life. And if it is death, I won't care if he comes for both."

All I have in my bag that she can use I leave. I give her the last of "Sympathizer's" money to buy milk, and the ways she looks at me when I am leaving and says, "God bless and keep you." makes the sun-

Paris, July 6, 1889.

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Paris J

If you knew the character of the man to whom she is about to give her hand I am certain that you would extend to her your most sincere coagratulations.

Prince Murat (who is the grandson of a former King of Naples and Caroline Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon I.) is fifty-four years of age, but looks much younger, and is so in character and in his tastes. He was born in America this mother was a Miss Frazer, of Charleston, S. C.), and lived there until he was fourteen years of age. As a consequence he speaks English perfectly.

Count d'Aramon presented him to Mamie, hoping that the acquaintance might result as it has done. He has known Prince Murat for many years and regards his character as an exceptional one. The first wife of the Prince, a Princess Wagram, died about five years ago.

The son and two daughters of that union are married and are very rich, as would have been their father if he had not withheld from his wife the knowledge of her mother's death. To save his sick wife (she being really ill) the pain of knowing of the death of her loved parent, he sacrified the fortune she would have left to him had she learned that it became hers on the death of her mother.

Prince Murat is a General in the French army, and has yet about nine years of service to render as a solder. He has no fortune, but an income sufficient to make him independent of his wife. He has no debts—we are assured.

The Government has lately offered to the Murat family some 30,000,000f, in settlement of a legitimate claim they have upon it. That offer was refused, but it is believed that the claim will soon be settled. We have not learned this from Prince Murat, but from the French papers, Mr. Tuhe and others.

After learning all that was necessary to know of the gentleman's character from the D'Aramon family we had Mr. Tuhe, the old and intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, to make further inquiries of those who knew him intimately. All agree that Prince Murat is a man of the highest honor and integrity, and that he is loved and estee

could not be happy. In a very short time with such a one her superior will would assert itself. The man she is about to marry has her entire respect, and he has just the kind of tact necessary for influencing her. His sister, the Duchesse de Mouchy formerly Anna Murat, the favorite cousin of Napoleon III.), was greatly bleased with Mamie at their first meeting, and ashe has been most anxious for the match. Prince Murat is at the head of his family. The position he offers Mamie is certainly a brilliant one. He is the friend or relative of nearly every crowned head in Europe, and he has place in the first society of every capital. Time is very happy in the prospect of her sister's coming marriage. She has had a number of admirers, but does not care for any of them. Hoping earnestly that you will approve of Mamie's choice, I am sincerely yours.

M. L. Donnelle.

In the Rush.



Uncle Abner-Hay! I beg pardon, young Baboony-Yes, sir.

'Wall, b'goab, I s'pose your one of the
400 who sail over everything in town. I wish
you'd pilot me over this—I'm dizzy lookin' at
it." gent, but is this New York's Fifth avenus?

Points.

Young Mr. Bliss (just married)—Pm going right to housekeeping, and you can give me a point or two, can't you? I suppose the biggest item of expense will be the house Mr. Childers-For the first five or six years, yes. Bliss—And then? Childers—Shoes.

Too Tonguey. (From the Chicago Pribune. 1

Doctor (politely, but looking at his watch with visible impatience) -Pardon me, madam. but my time is not my own. You have given me all your symptoms in sufficient detail, and now, perhaps, you will kindly—er—ah—Husband (not so considerate)—Maria, he doesn't want to hear your tongue any more. He wants to look at it.

Hot Days

Have a weakening effect, causing loss of strength and a languor of mind as well as body. This condition parmits
the development of affections and diseases otherwise inactive. In such cases the system readily rallies under the influence of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, tones and strengthens the digestive organs, and infense fresh lite and energy. Try it this coases.